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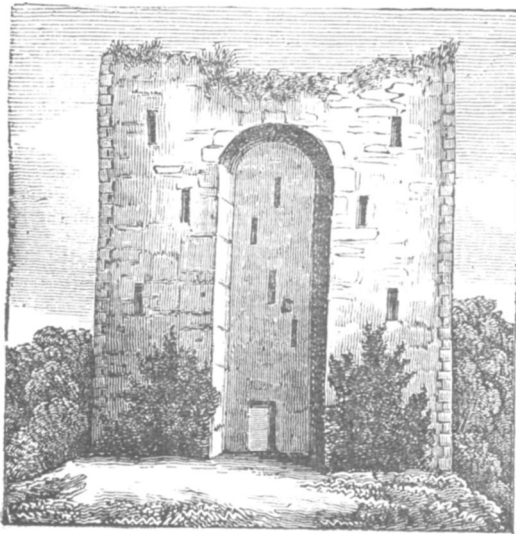
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broad buff belts—their cravats, or stocks, were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind—each had a brace of pistols and a bright carabine hanging in a basket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixed with white, that looked not unlike a tulip—his riding coat, with a scarlet cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him; the Earl of Kerry's gentleman of the horse, single, mounted on a very fine black horse; the steward, waiting gentleman, and other domestics of Lord Kerry. The cavalcade were all of the earl's own family, and mounted out of his own stable to the number of thirty-five. After these followed the gentlemen of the county, who were very numerous, with about twenty led horses, with field-cloaths, attending them. But the day proved very unfavourable, and all this pomp and gallantry of equipage was forced to march under a continued rain to Listowel, where the high sheriff had prepared a splendid entertainment of one hundred and twenty dishes, to regale the judges and gentlemen after their fatigues; which it seems they greatly wanted, for the roads were so heavy and deep by reason of the excessive rain, that the judges were forced to leave their coaches, and betake themselves to their saddle-horses. But this repast was short, for tidings being brought that the river Feal was swelling apace, they soon removed in order to pass over it while it was fordable."

## LISTOWEL.

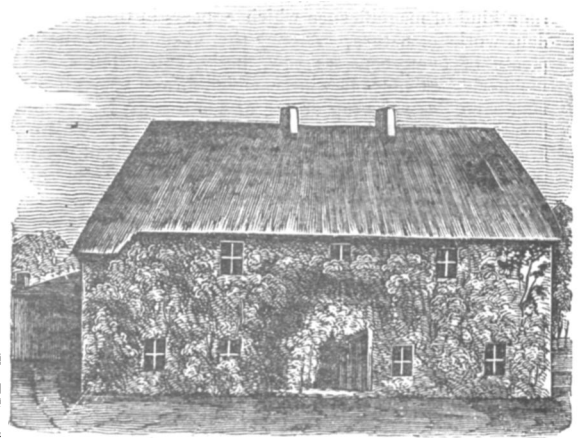


Desmond Castle.

Listowel, a market-town in the County of Kerry, one hundred and thirty-one miles from the metropolis, contains a few good houses, but, like most of our small towns, a large number of poor cabins. There is a tolerably neat church, but on an ill-chosen site, being in the centre of the market-square, where also is a handsome school-house, and a new chapel. On one side of this square is a portion of the front of an old castle, said to have belonged to the family of Desmond; excepting its antiquity, there is little interesting in its appearance, but the extraordinary elevation of the arch, as you will perceive from the accompanying sketch. A considerable part of this ruin, as I am informed, has lately been taken away to build a mill, and much of its interesting character destroyed.

Near to this town is the handsome demesne of the Knight of Kerry, through which runs the Cushin river, discharging its waters into the Atlantic, or mouth of the Shannon. The house, of which I also enclose a sketch, (more on account of the celebrity of the owner, than for its appearance,) is seldom occupied, and exhibits nothing remarkable, being partly slated and partly thatched. The entrance is, however, rather novel, presenting the appear-

ance of a cottage, fronted with a profusion of cydamen and rose-trees.



Cottage Front to the Knight of Kerry's Residence.

Near to the house is the ruin of an old castle, which, to the credit of the proprietor, has been allowed to remain undisturbed by any hand but that of time. In the year 1600, Listowel castle, the last and only one that held out for Lord Kerry against the Lord President, was besieged by Sir Charles Wilmot. As a chamber was preparing to place the powder in a mine to blow up the castle, a spring of water gushed out in such abundance, that he was obliged to begin a new work, which he carried under-ground to the midst of a vault in the castle. The work being perceived by the garrison, they called out for mercy; but he would hear of no other terms but their surrendering at discretion. The ward, being eighteen men, submitted on their knees, but the women and children were suffered to depart. Nine of the English having been shot during the siege, he presently caused the same number of prisoners to be hanged; and by the president's order, the residue were soon after executed, as they had all of them been under protection; except an Irish priest, named Sir Dermot Mac-Brodie, who was pardoned for the following reason:—It happened that upon surrendering the castle, the Lord Kerry's eldest son, then but five years old, was carried away by an old woman, almost naked, and besmeared with dirt. Wilmot detached a party in search of him, who returned without finding the child, but the priest proposed, if Sir Charles would spare his life and that of the child, to discover where he was: which being granted, he went with a captain's guard to a thick wood, six miles from the castle, which was almost impassable, where, in a hollow cave, they found the old woman and the child, whom they brought to Sir Charles, who sent both the priest and the child to the Lord President.

## THE DEMON NAILER.

## A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

It was on a fine day of June in some old year, of which chronology has taken no note, that a stranger was seen to proceed with a light and lengthy stride along the rough pavement of that toilsome street which leads from Blackpool to the North-gate bridge of the city of Cork. In this most populous outlet of the city, a passenger attracts very little attention, unless his outward bearing entitle him to especial notice, but this traveller was not one whom a Blackpool lounge would pass with unregarding eye. His limbs would appear of massive size, were it not for his elastic tread, his uncommon tallness, and noble and commanding figure. The idle gossips that sat in groups on the rough footway, nursing their half-naked urchins, or sending the cutting jibe after some "nymph of quality," whom the industry of her father had elevated to the enviable splendour of a jaunting-car, shrunk with instinctive dread, as the passing glance of the traveller cast its piercing regards among them, and the boys abandoned the footway with their taws and slashing tops at his approach,